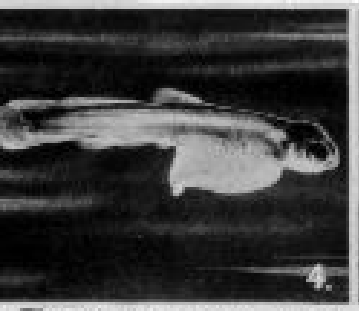
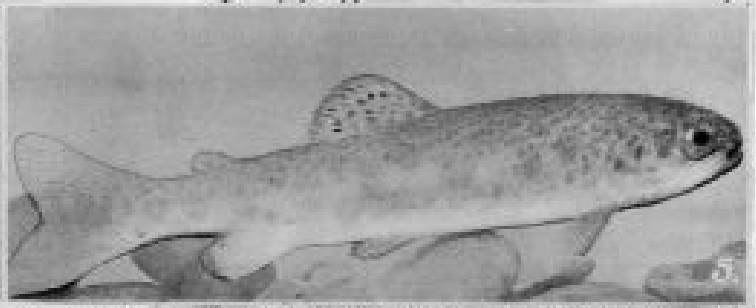
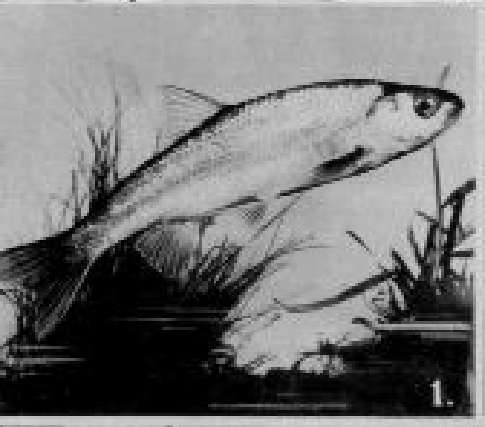
TALES THE WOODMAN TOLD
HOW THE MOUSE GREW SO SMALL

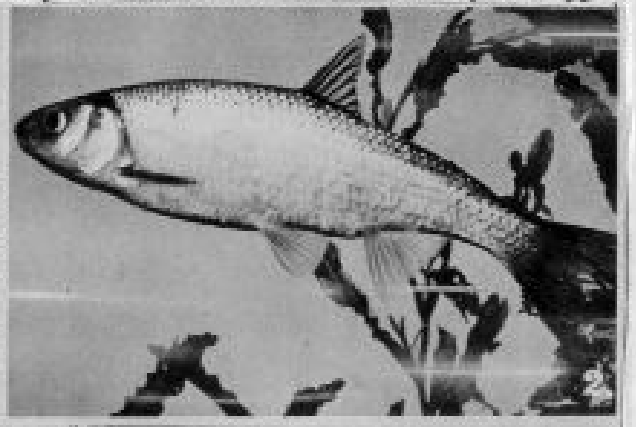


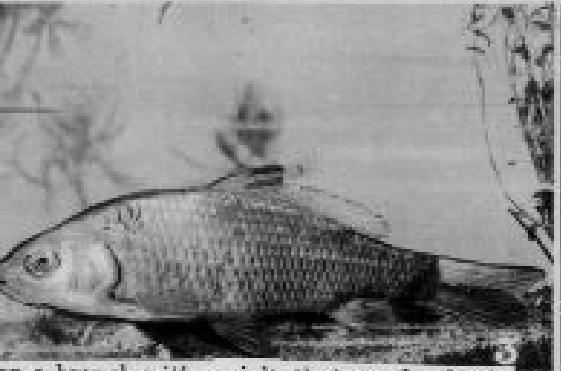


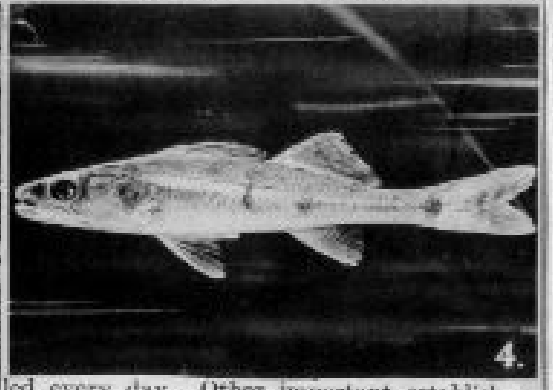
The electro-magnet, which we have seen lifting pigs of iron, is an instance of magnetic induction by an electric current. If electricity

of war and pestilence, a quarrelsome god, delighting in the slaughter of men and the destruction of cities. He was not widely worshipped





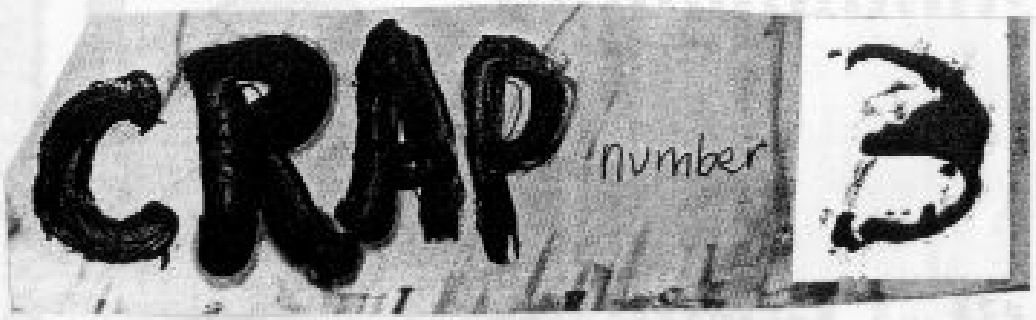


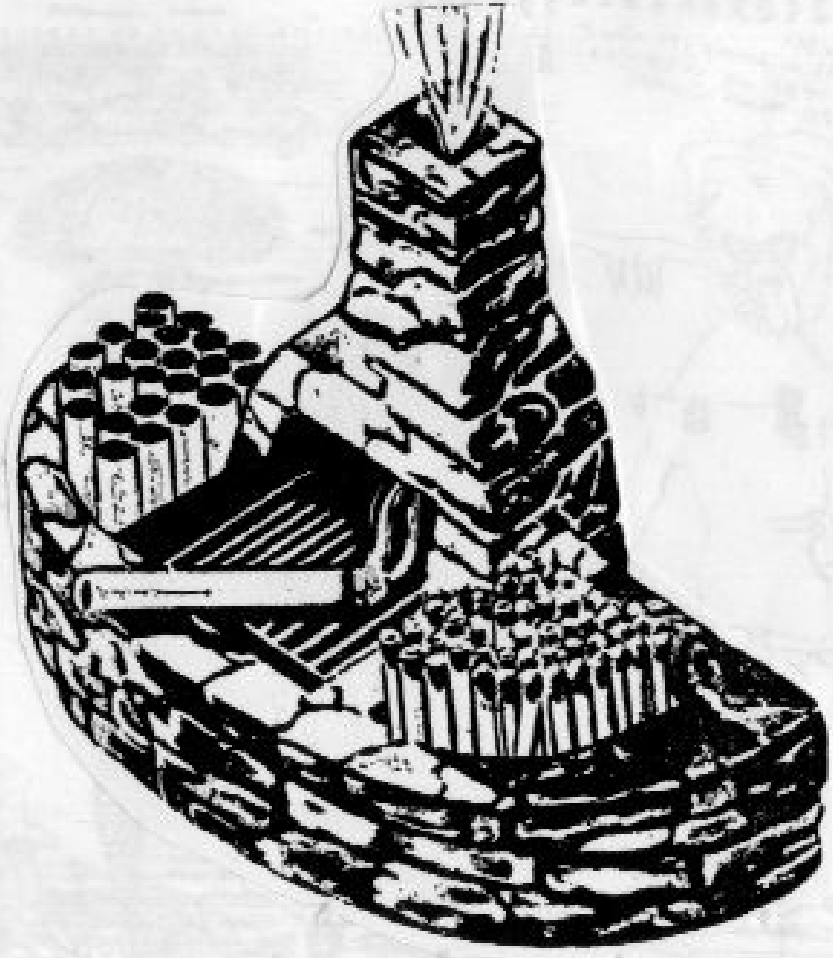


on a branch with a jolt that nearly shook his teeth loose. The old grey monkey was holding him tight, while the beasts below

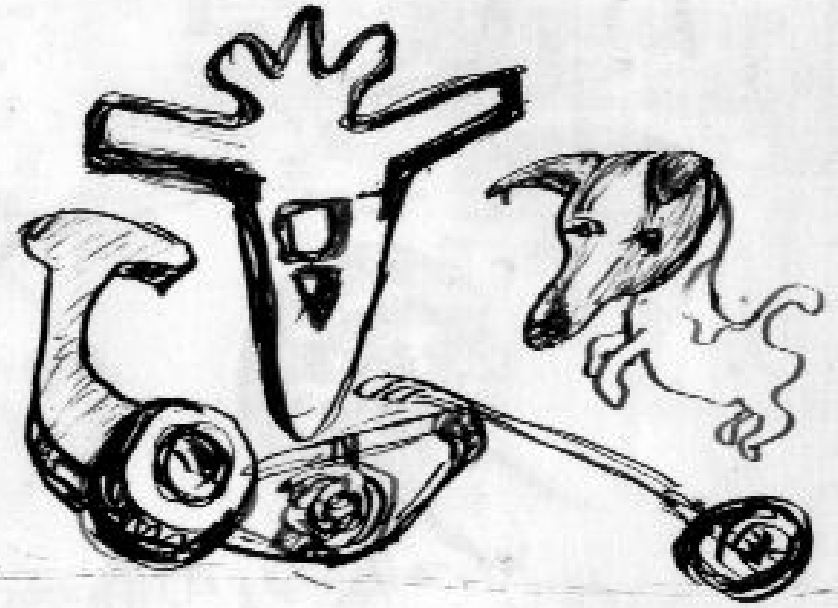
killed every day. Other important establishments are dairies, creameries, and tanneries—outgrowths of the cattle industry.

contained in the Easy Reference Fact-Index at the end of this work

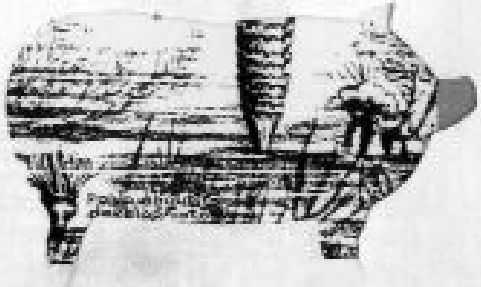




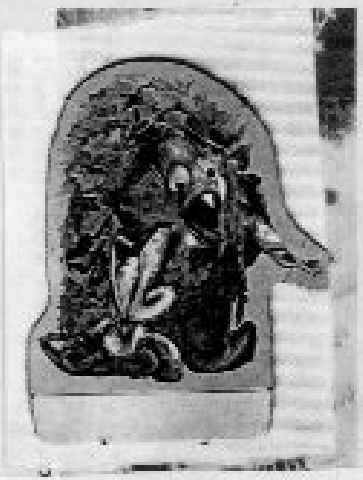
lunch for me is most often a burn-spinach and cheese and felafals on the go all too often. hence i have little knowledge to share with you in t this department except that last nights left overs are amazing - quick cheap and better than the first time round so remember to make extra and hide the l eftovers.



all leftovers taste nice on toast.

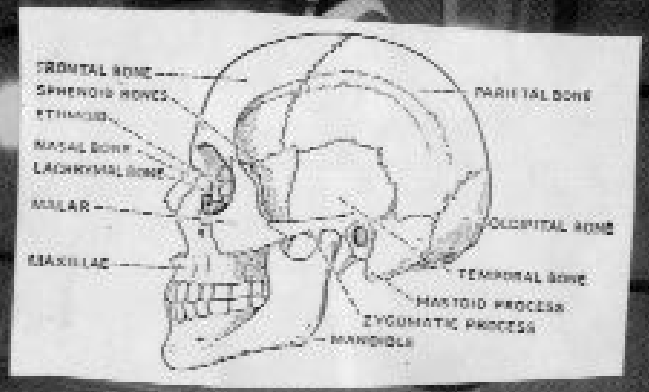


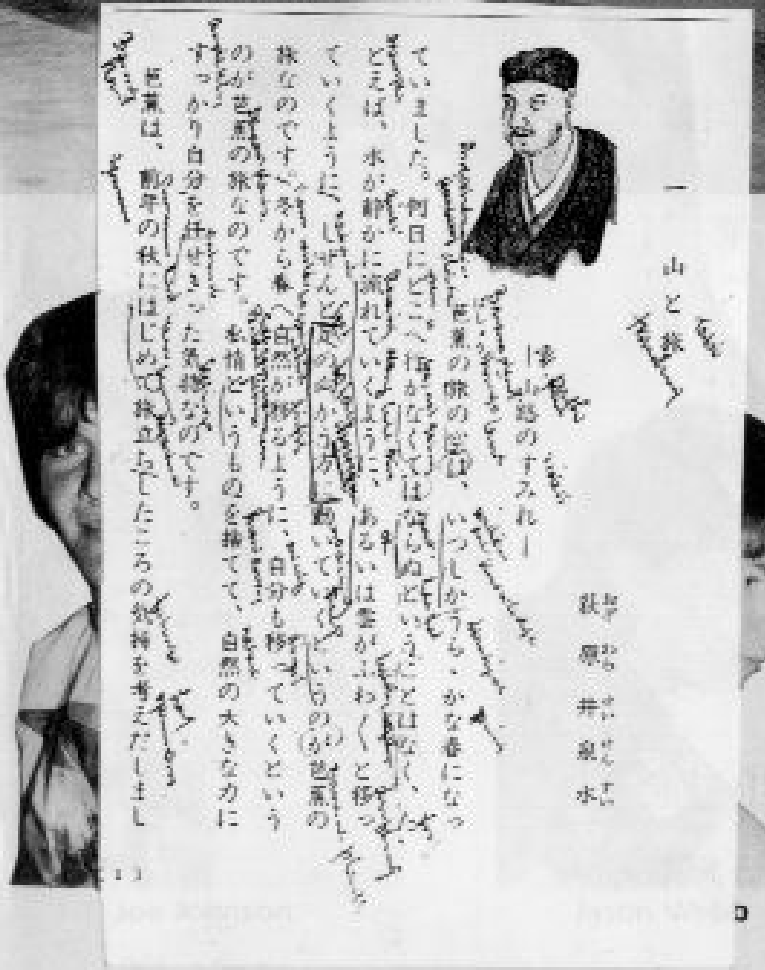
Has your mental and sensory faculties begun to fade?



Very extended. Andy B, should he have placed higher? Photo, Kris.

Rolling Top Tube Stand (RAD!), Ankiebuster, Steamroller, Bitchstick (backwards Stickbitch) (RAD!), Rolling Over and In, Backwards Timi Machine (RAD!), Steam Train (omnihanded), Forwards Karl Kruzer omnihanded, double Bar Split Fla double Whiplash, another one hai ded Forwards Karl Kruzer, opposit Whiplash. So rad, and so many inn ovative and new tricks. Next up Cyrel Sabathe: front wheel 180, Sli der, Ankiebuster, Flail, Rock Walk foot work, more footwork, Infinity Roll, Smoothie, Ankiebuster, Lawnmower, front hops to multiple Boomerang, front wheel 180 to Smoothie out, Bar Spin 360 Bunnyhop, Bar Split Flail, Frontyard no handed, 180, Vertigo, G Turn, 180





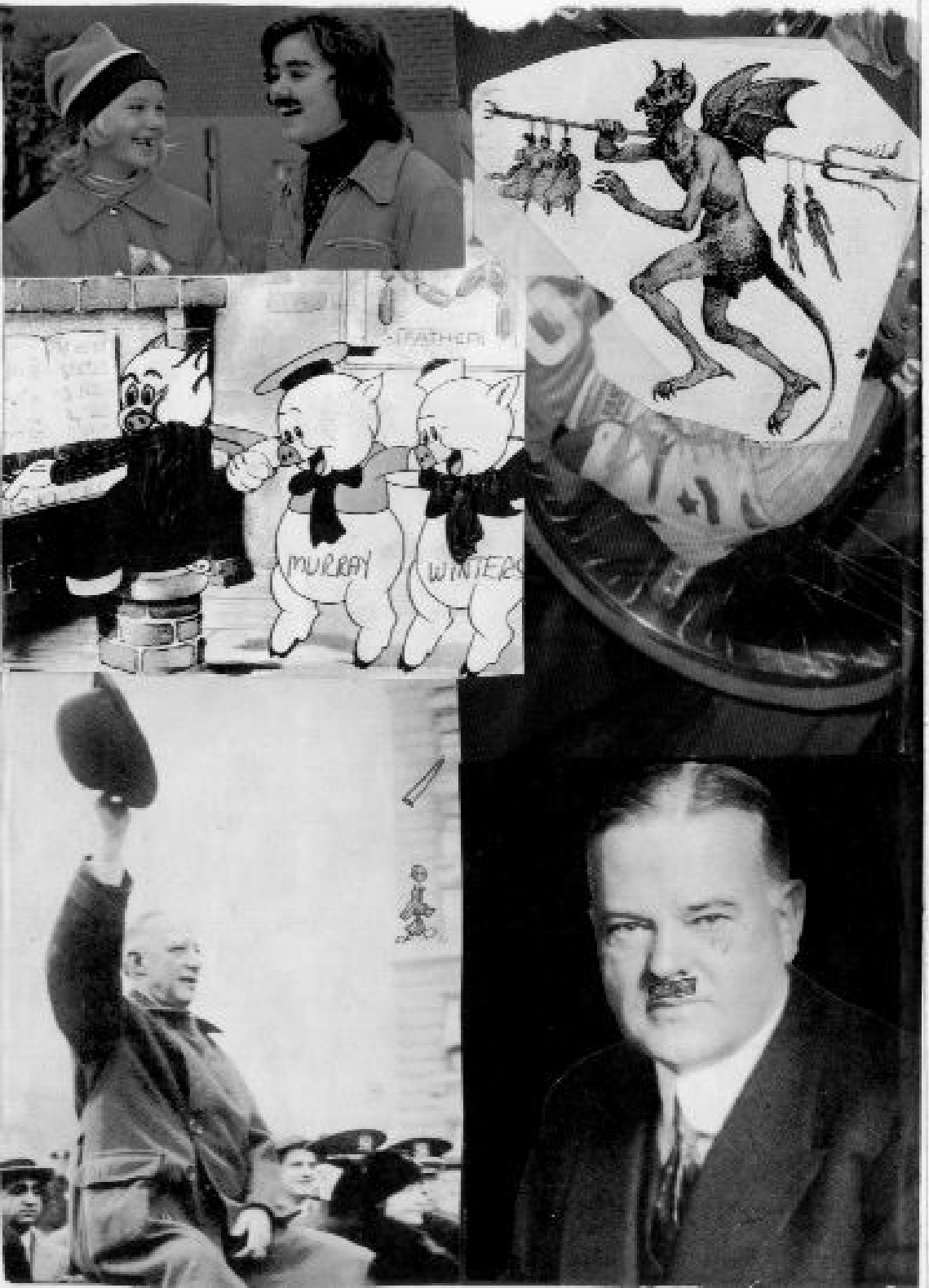
一　山と森

俳句のすみれー

秋櫻井泉水

芭蕉の旅の心は、いつしかうら・かな春になっていました。何日にどこへ行かなくては、などいうことはなく、どこへ、水が静かに流れていくように、あるいは雲がふわっと移っていくように、しぜんとその方へ向いていくというのが芭蕉の旅なのです。冬から春へ自然が移るように、自分も移っていくというのが芭蕉の旅なのです。私情というものを捨てて、自然の大きな力にすっかり自分を任せきった気持なのです。

芭蕉は、前年の秋にはじめて旅立ったころの気持を考えだしまし



כִּבּוּשׁ יְרִיחוֹ

עֲנֵה עַל הַשְּׁאֵלוֹת:

א) מַה צִּוָּה יְהוֹשֻׁעַ אֶת הָעָם? יהושע צוה את העם לעבר את הירדן.

ב) כַּמָּה יָמִים סָבְבוּ בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל אֶת הָעִיר? בני ישראל סבבו את העיר שבע ימים

ג) כַּמָּה פְּעָמִים סָבְבוּ אֶת יְרִיחוֹ בַּיּוֹם הַשְּׁבִיעִי? סבבו את יריחו שבע פעמים ביום השביעי

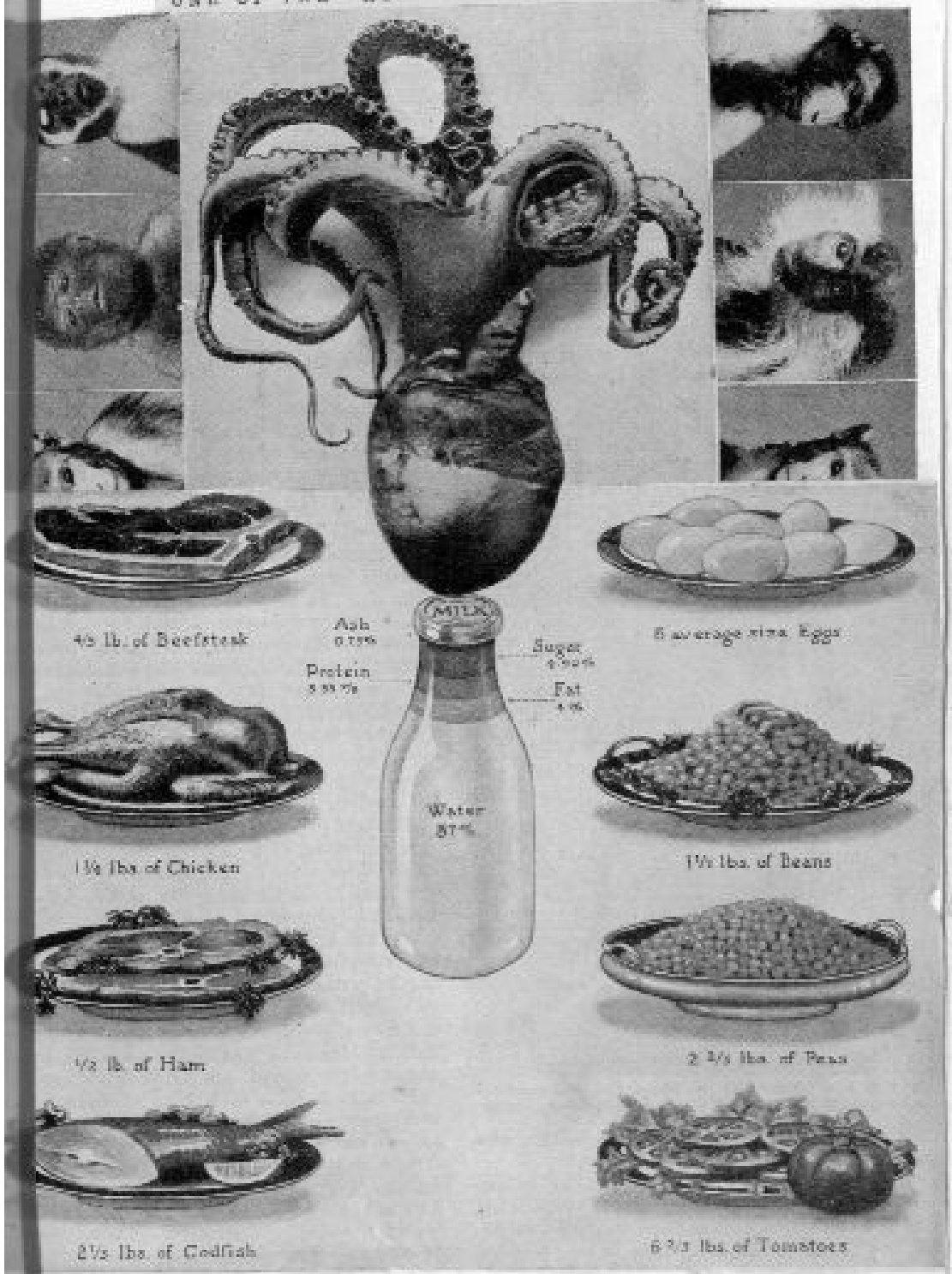
ד) מֶה עָשׂוּ הַכֹּהֲנִים בַּשּׁוֹפָרוֹת? הכהנים תקעו בשופרות.

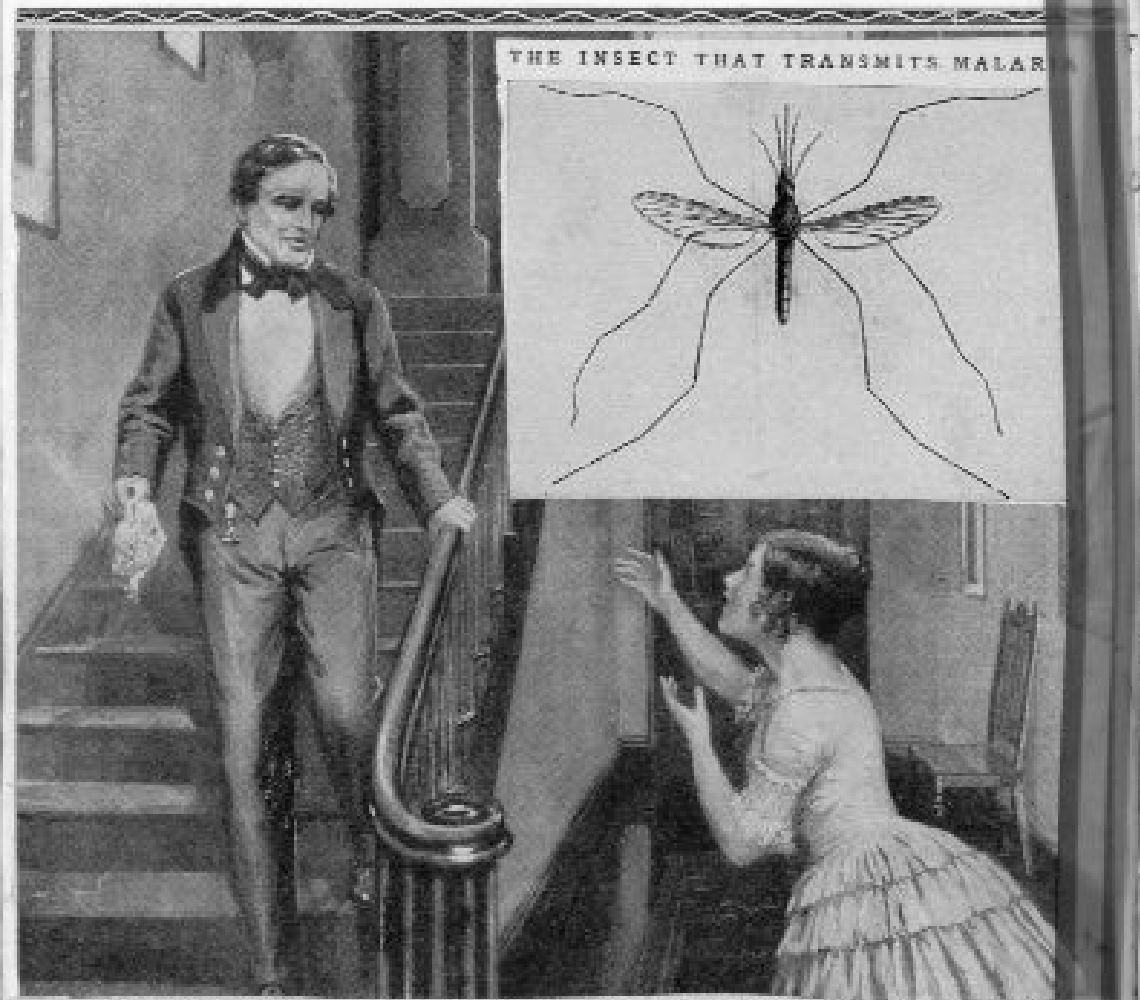
ה) אֵיזֶה נֵס קָרָה, כַּאֲשֶׁר הֵרִיעַ הָעָם בְּקוֹל גָּדוֹל? החומה נפלה בתרועה וגבוה נפלה.

FIG. 12.—Musician? FIG. 13.—Teddy Boy?

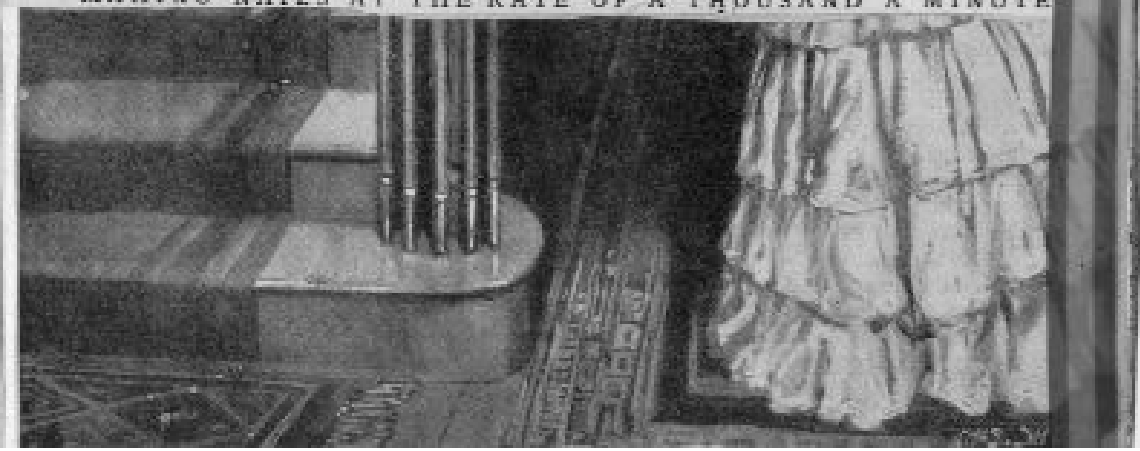
Look at the pictures individually each with its own caption in mind. Yet these are both pictures of a young student who posed only to the extent of taking his jacket off for one photograph and hiding his beard for the other.

ONE OF THE "HEAD-FOOTED" MOLLUSCS

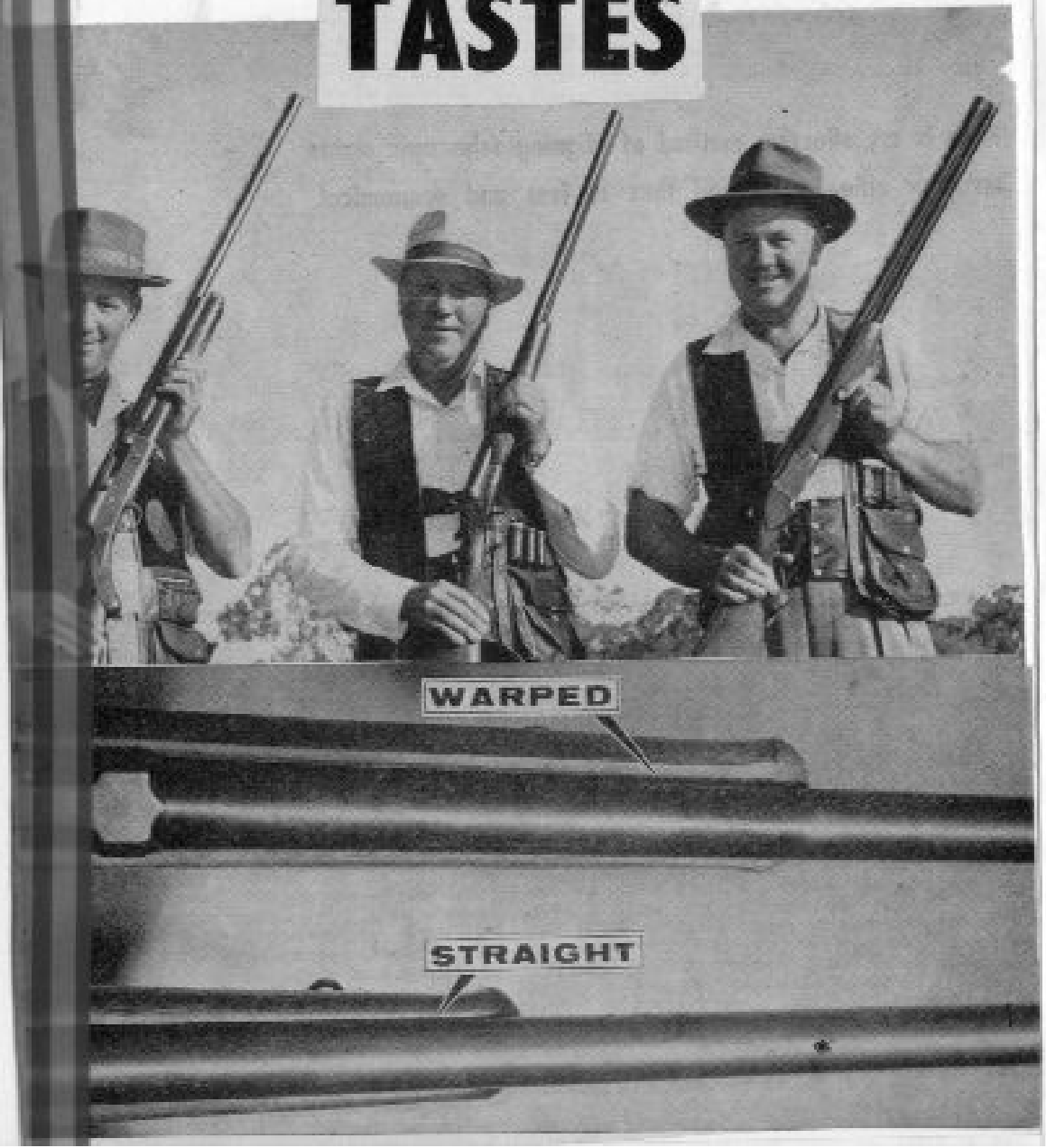




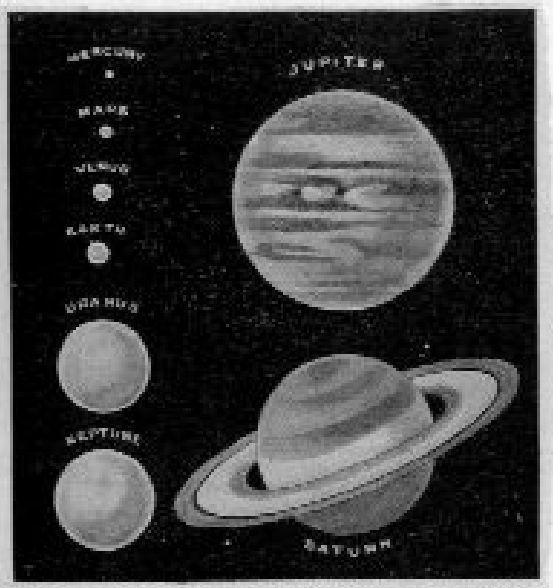
MAKING NAILS AT THE RATE OF A THOUSAND A MINUTE



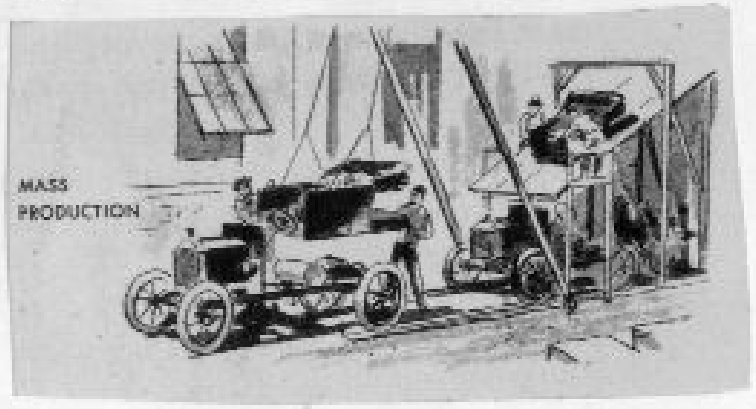
SHOTGUNS FOR ALL TASTES



Mercury- the planet planetis the nearest inferior planet is thename given to* the outer planets. the superior plants move more slowly . a year on Mercury is only 88 earth-days long.
the mercury of peru became famous. spain, italy, Mexico, russia, czechoslovakia, china, peru, and the united states now produce it.

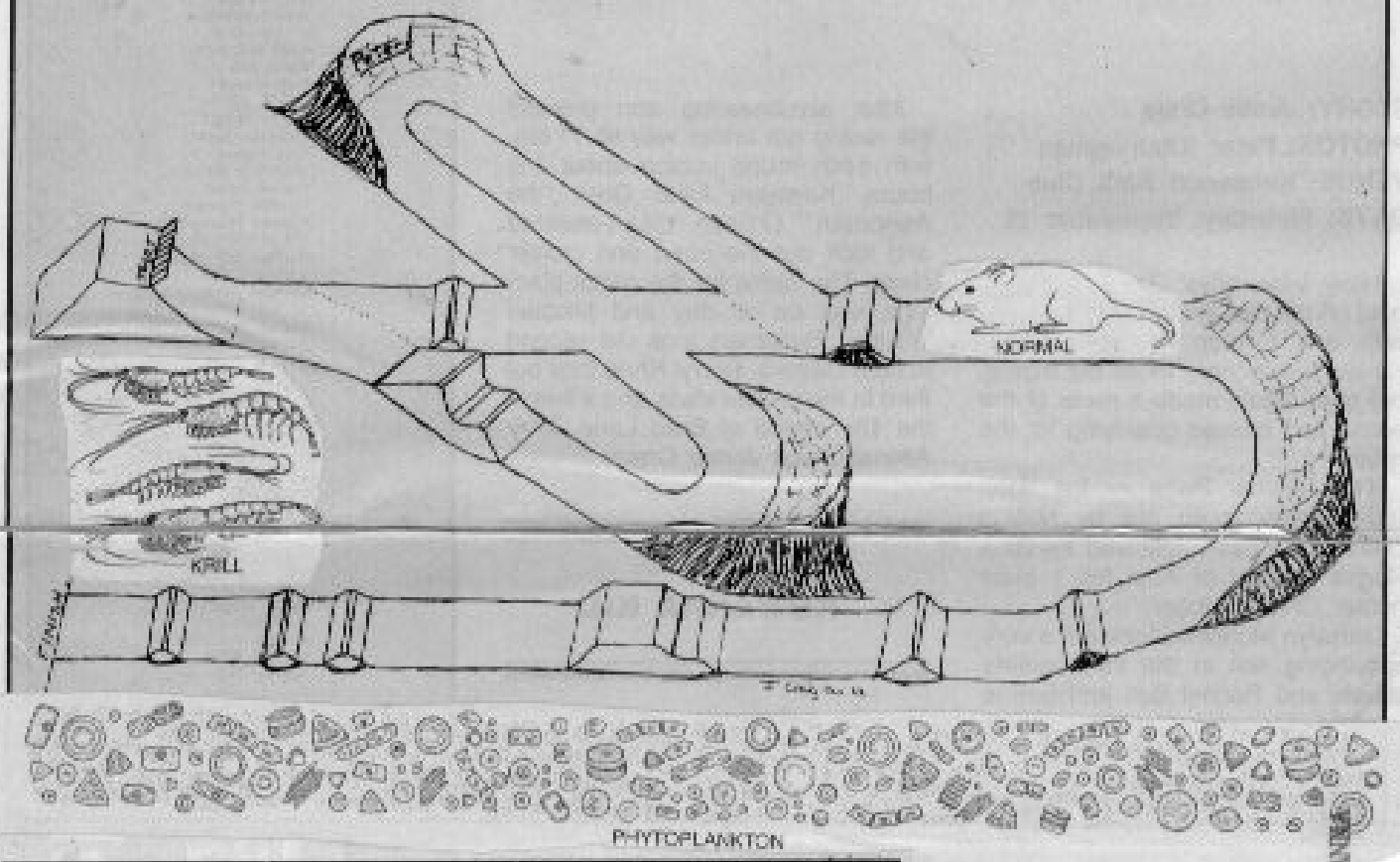


This shows the size of the planet Mercury in comparison with the other principal planets. How very tiny the earth looks, and how enormously big seems Jupiter.



THE TRACK

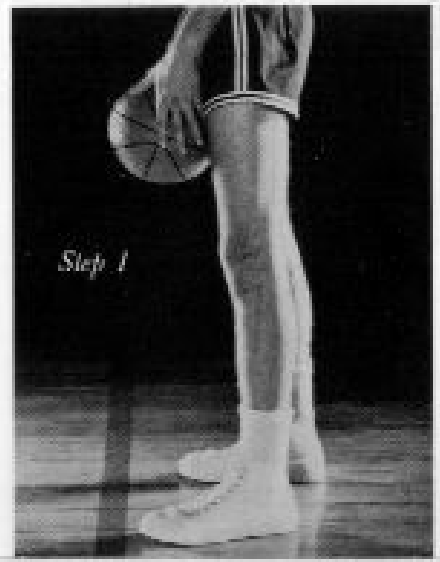
The track was a very interesting design, not your average U-inside-a-U shape. It was sort of two tracks in one. One track was for sidehacks and divided the first and second berms in two. The outside position on the gate was a distinct disadvantage, because you had to do about four extra rounds of pedalling just to keep up with the pack. The canyons were a first jump and totally hot, just the right distance. The first turn was much too tight and fairly rough. A short sprint to the "Peters" second berm over a tabletop and a long sprint to the last turn. The last straight consisted of five jumps. It started with a small hump followed by a drop off, a step up to a tabletop, some woopy does and another small hump to speed wheelie. The whole track is about 320 metres, and is a challenge for novices and experts alike.

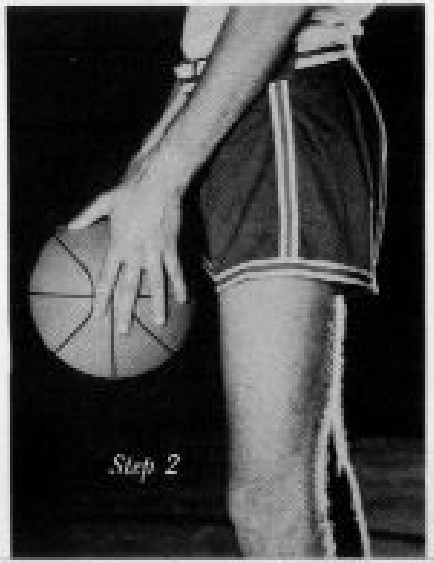


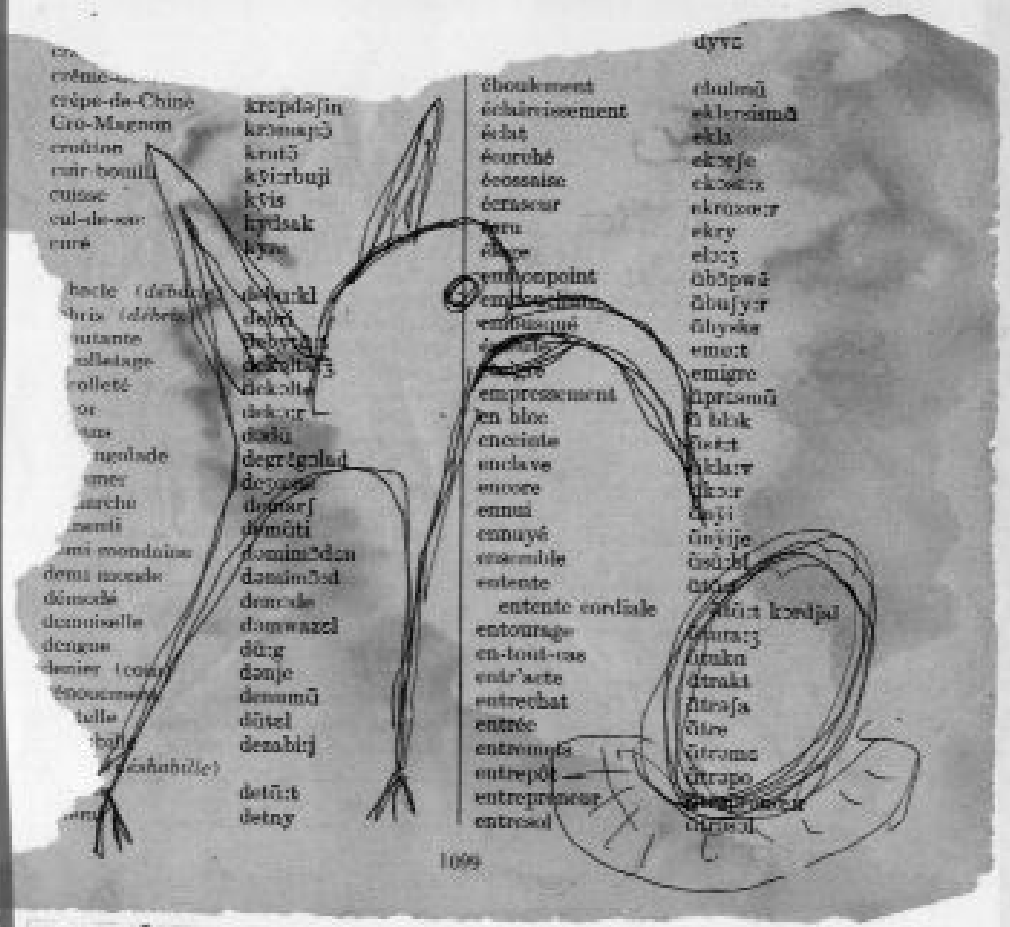
The gang — a blend of Darwin and Alice Springs riders relax and watch the other races between motos.

BMX HEAD RUSH- by Graham Steven

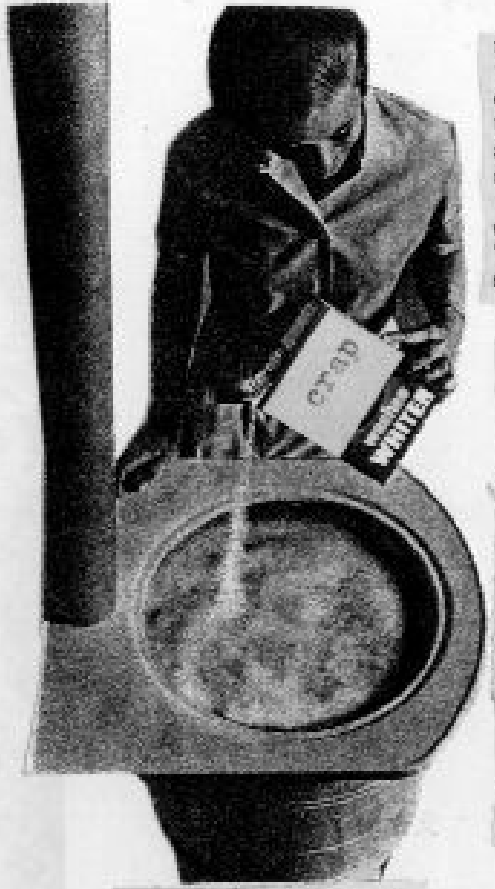
A while back, I was hammering down a 45 degree slope, whenall of a sudden a fuckin' great hologram of a TUFF II SKYWAY w BMX wheel jumped out from behind a nice looking gumtree and scared the shit out of me. I mean fuck! What could I do? - Anyway I stuck my middle finger up and said "FUCK YOUX, YA PEICE OF SHIT!". After that little incedent I thought!"OH FUCK THIS, I'M GONNA CUSTOMIZE ME BMX". So I went round to me mate's house and said "MANX, WHERE'S YA FUCKIN' ANGLE GRINDER?, I WANNA USE IT!-I'M GONNA EXTEND X ME FORKS!" Anyway I punched the shit out of this guy cause I didn't even know himand he wouldn't give me the Grinder,







Do your hands tremble?



manganese is only a chemical curiosity. "Spiegeleisen" is an iron with about 12 per cent manganese, and is made in a special high temperature furnace; "ferro-manganese" has about 70 per cent. Both are largely used as steel alloys.

Some salts derived from manganese are used in chemistry, medicine, and the arts. "Condy's fluid," a familiar disinfectant, is sodium permanganate in solution.

Put your left hand in hot water, your right in cold wa

Flying saucer

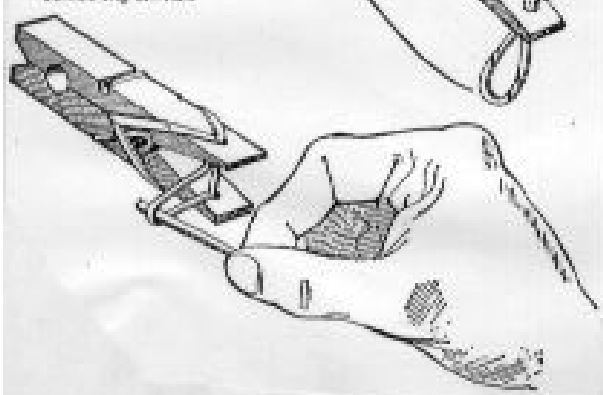
You will need:

one thin rubber band
one clothes peg
scrap of thin card
scissors or craft knife
hacksaw
pencil and ruler

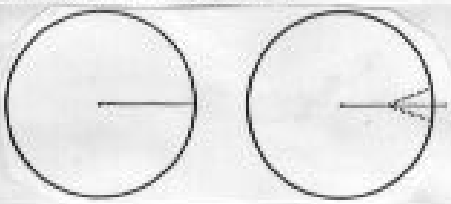
1. With the hacksaw make a hole, top and bottom, about 1cm from the handling end of the clothes peg.

2. Thread the rubber band through both of the holes until it projects about equally above and below. Then take these two loops over and into the mouth of the clothes peg.

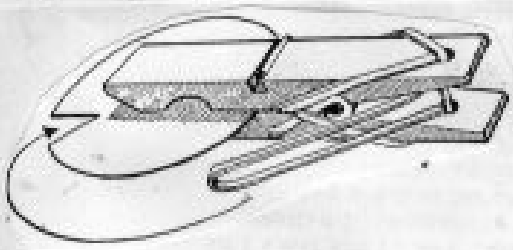
3. Now pull the rubber band tight to create a loop at the side. It is easier to do this if you use a matchstick or pin or something similar.



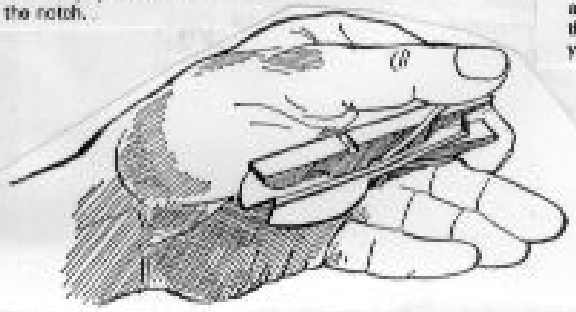
4. Draw a circle on the card. By drawing around a 10p piece you can make a circle of about 3cm diameter, which is big enough. A slightly bigger circle would be better still, but its diameter should not be greater than 5cm. Cut out the circle and draw a line from its centre to its edge.



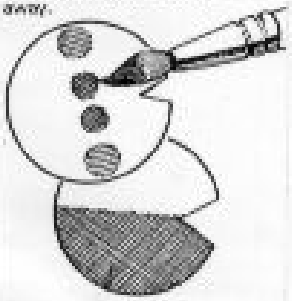
5. Cut the V-shaped notch from the edge to about halfway along the line you have just drawn.



6. Place the cardboard disc into the mouth of the clothes peg so that the notch is facing away from the peg. Stretch the rubber band loop around and into the notch.



7. Hold the clothes peg as shown. (It can be completely hidden from onlookers behind your hand, which adds to the effect.) Press gently and the flying saucer will spin up and away.



8. With paints or ink markers, try drawing coloured spots on your flying saucer. When in flight these spots will appear to change into circles and may even, apparently, change colour.

If you paint red and blue spots on white card as shown – red, blue, blue, red from top to bottom – you will get red, white and blue circles when the saucer spins. If you paint them red, blue, red, blue, you will get two purple circles.

If you paint half the disc one colour and the other half another colour, when in flight the saucer will appear to be yet a third colour.

VITNER and NEVSKY part 1

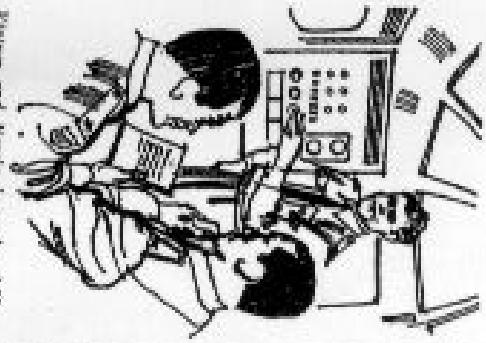
Vitner was easy enough to get on with. In fact it seemed impossible not to like this good-natured, high-spirited American. Blue Newsky managed it. He was correct, decent, and cold to a degree that began to fray even Vitner's good humour.

Peter, warned by Newsky's unyielding attitude, duly confided in Cindy Gregg. Gregg thought carefully before replying.

"Got to understand his point of view, young Pete," he rumbled sedately. "He thinks we and the Americans are enemies of his country and the way we all carry on, you can't blame him. He's looking for trouble and as the senior officer, do you see? Up to us to break the ice. I think there is a fine chap behind it all; just an opinion, but that's what I think."

Peter considered, then nodded. Cindy's summing up was fair and reasonable. He grinned. "Commit Uncle Cindy about your personal problems."

Cindy rose to the bait, cheerfully. "Get out, you young devil," he roared, "and don't forget to wash behind your ears before dinner."



Peter and Newsky learned quickly.

their opponents or take other precautions. He heard Sergei grunt with disgust at the sight of the figure in the corner. "Come on, Sergei. There's nothing we can do here."

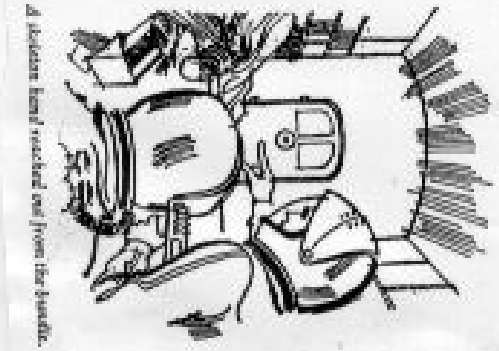
They passed on through other compartments to be met by similar grim scenes in the crew's quarters. The Platform, designed and commissioned with intimate care and skill, had become nothing but a gigantic tomb for slaughtered.

Silently Peter and Sergei completed the circuit of the outer rim without coming across a single trace of life or any clear indications of what had taken place. There was no sign of damage or fighting.

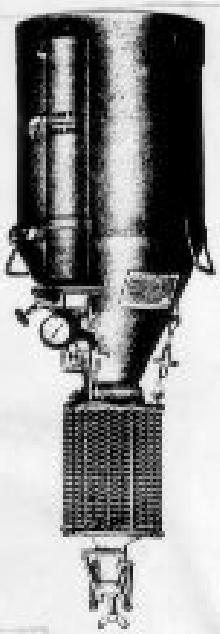
"Signal Al that we are all right," ordered Peter. "Then we'll inside the control centre. We must find the nuclear bomb before requesting back to base."

As they made their way along a tubular flight bridge to the hub of the Platform, the artificial gravity diminished, and they had to cope with conditions of free-fall which made progress more difficult. At length they reached the inner end, to be faced with the only closed door they had encountered.

It was obviously the entry door of an ele-



A skeleton hand reached out from the handle.



Do you get out of breath when you climb stairs?

Doctor Exercise

HOW MARGARINE IS MANUFACTURED

Doctor Rest

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS. It is noonday, the hour of siesta, in the sweltering, stinging heat of the tropics. Only natives and noisy American street-cars are abroad in the narrow streets of Manila. Shops are closed. From the old walled city, where Fort Santiago fronts on the bay, to the farthest suburb beyond the river, business has been suspended, and people have crept for two hours' rest into the dim gloom of rambling Spanish two-storied houses.

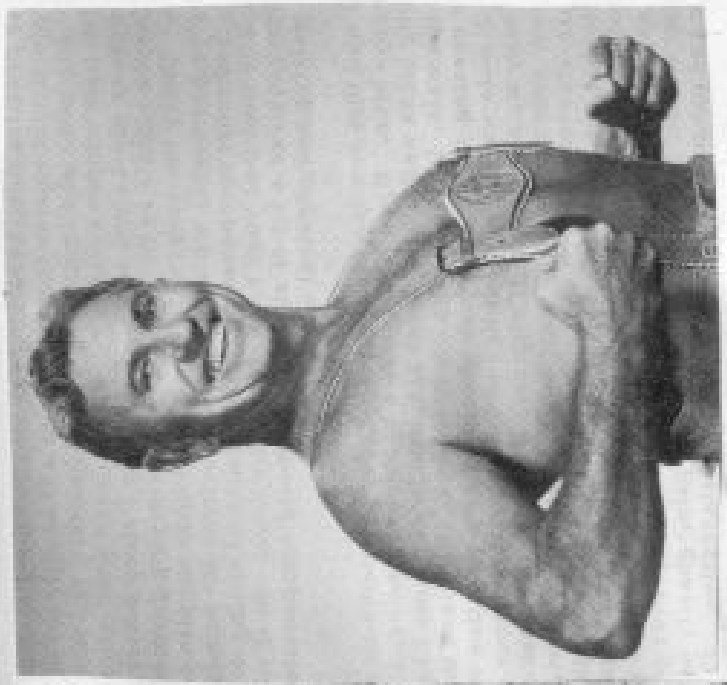
Fig. 2, which shows a carburettor, the throttle will be noticed; this throttle is directly connected to the accelerator and one of the hand-levers.

Another control is the ignition lever, which also is mounted on the steering column or steering-wheel. It advances or retards the ignition, that is, it causes the moment of firing to be later or earlier, as may be necessary.

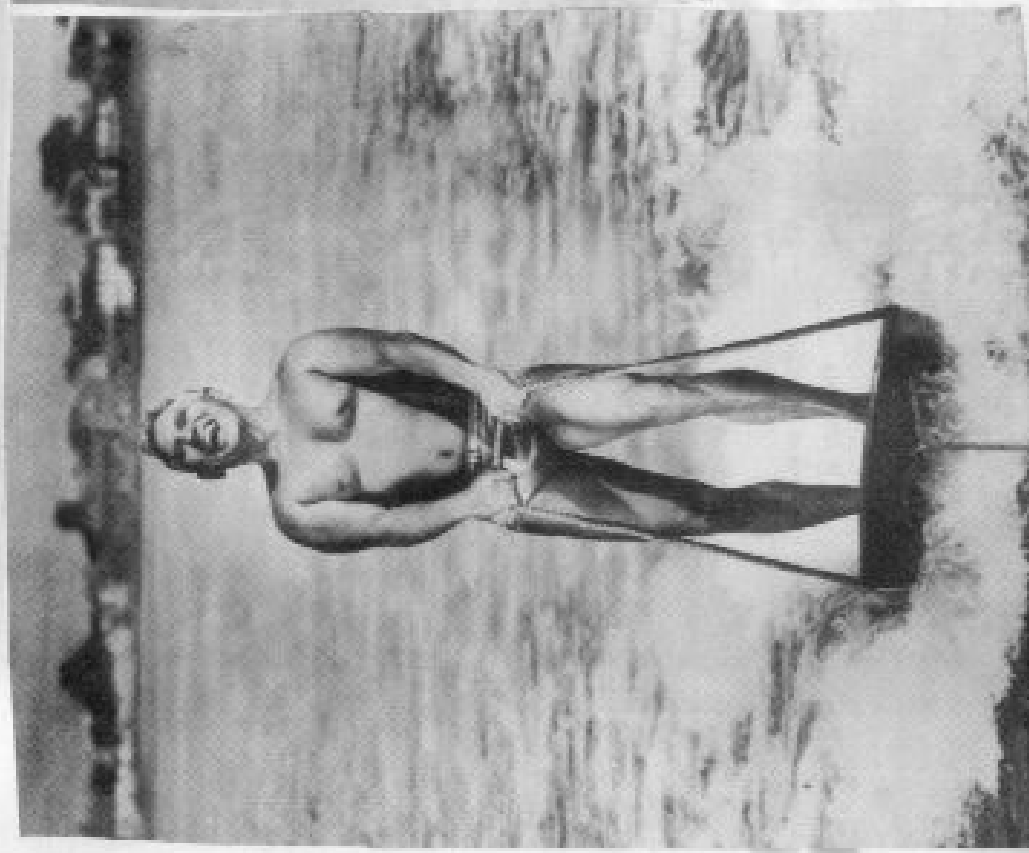
It is now standard practice for a motor-car to be self-contained electrically. A dynamo driven by gearing or chains, etc., off the engine-shaft gives current to an accumulator, which is charged as the car is running, for lighting the lamps and providing current for the hooter.

The electric starter takes the form of a motor at the side of the engine, and is so arranged that a gear-wheel can be made to mesh with teeth that have been cut in the edge of the fly-wheel.

On pressing the starter switch, current from the accumulator energizes the motor, the little cog-wheel flies up the spindle, engages with the



Relaxing reflect what went wrong, although you'll be hard pressed to work much out. Ron Ng is the first Hinkley album recorded since Al Kooing his heroin



Have voices begun to fade?

Address: .....

A course in self-hypnosis

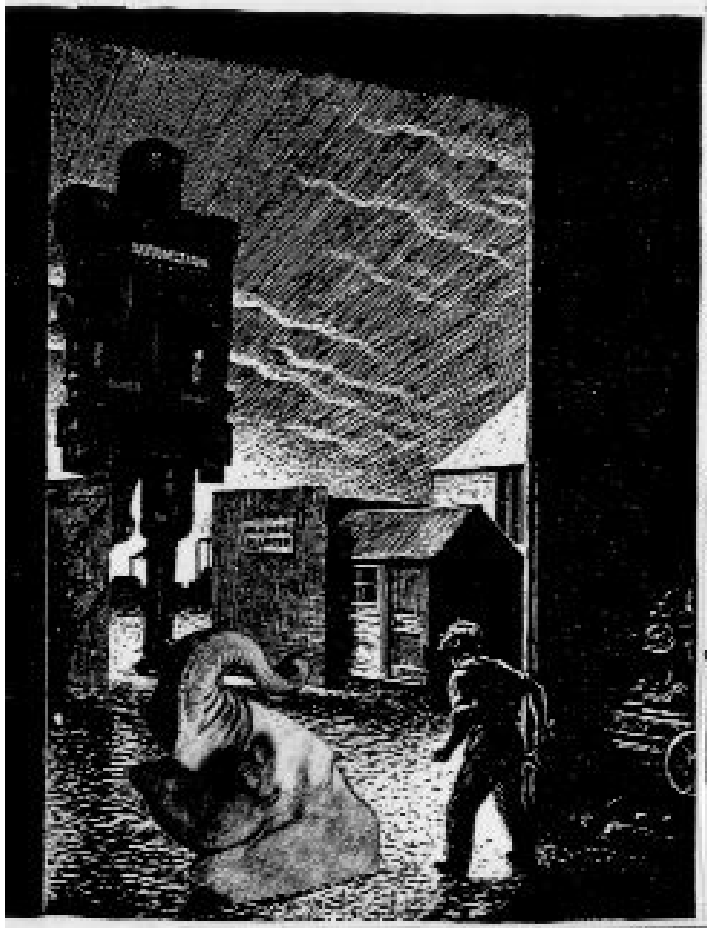
مجلة

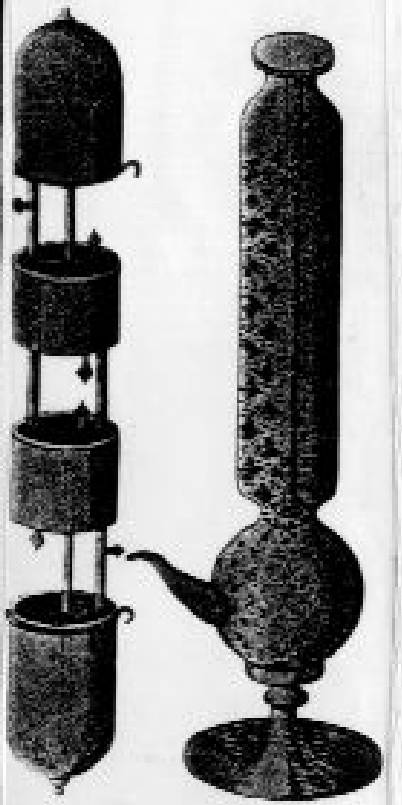
هرجلة

$1

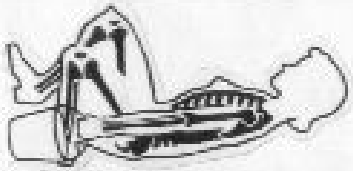
أدولار

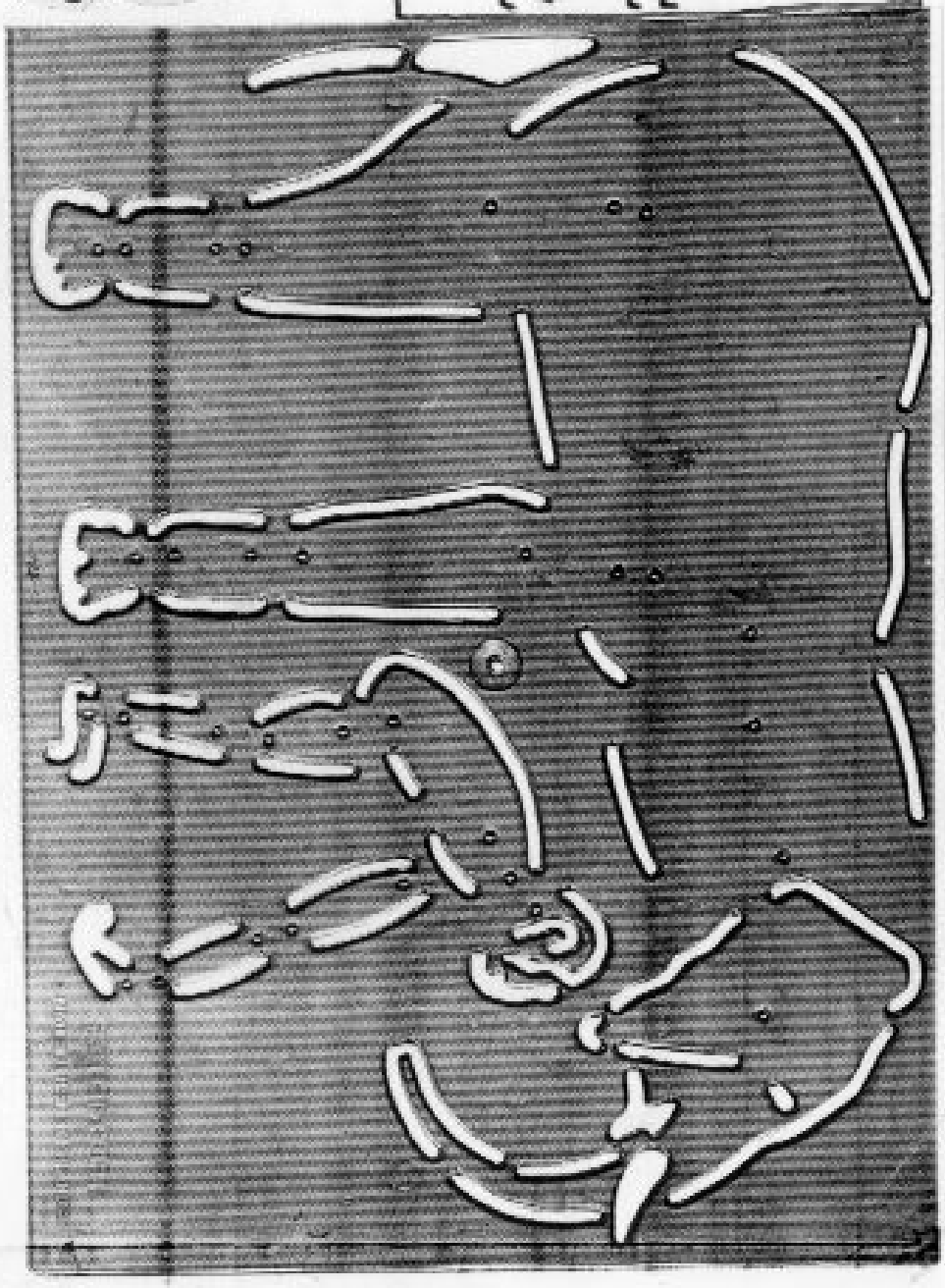
harjala





壊れ、ロックンローラ
ーの図。しぶいぜイ。





thing big like the Euros.

MARK: Are your parents active in BMX?

IAN: Oh yeah. They take me around, they like to see me do well.

LoZ: NO WAY MARK! We're going to McDonalds, we're NOT driving around the car park again!

MARK: Shut up LoZ. Ian, where else have you raced?

IAN: I've raced in American at the World Championships in 1987 in Orlando. I think I got a seventh in my 8th.

LoZ: MARK! Take us to McDonalds NOW!

MARK: What was the King Of Dirt like?

IAN: The King Of Dirt was really rad. Everyone just freaked out and went mad, so it was a really good competition.

MARK: You have a bit of a reputation for styling?

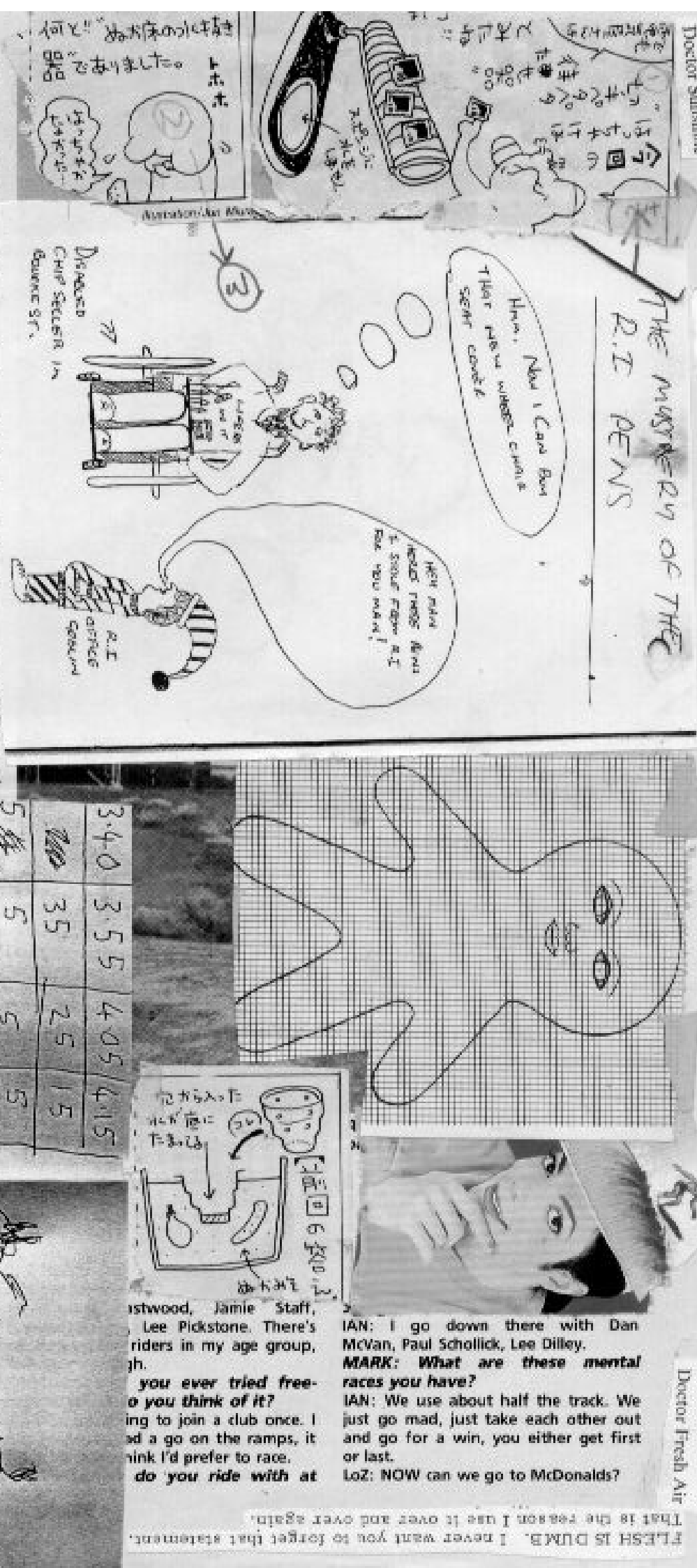
IAN: Yeah, I like jumping about and thrashing about, just find it real good fun.

MARK: What do you think of British weather?

IAN: Bxxxxy awful, hahaha!

MARK: Talk about tracks.

IAN: I like really mad tracks with doubles about twenty foot, camels about fifteen foot, mass doubles, just a really good track. Some of the tracks you go to have tiddly little speed jumps, I think you need a really good race track, not just little speed jumps for power riders.



stwood, Jamie Staff, Lee Pickstone. There's riders in my age group, gh.

you ever tried free- o you think of it?

ing to join a club once. I d a go on the ramps, it hink I'd prefer to race.

do you ride with at

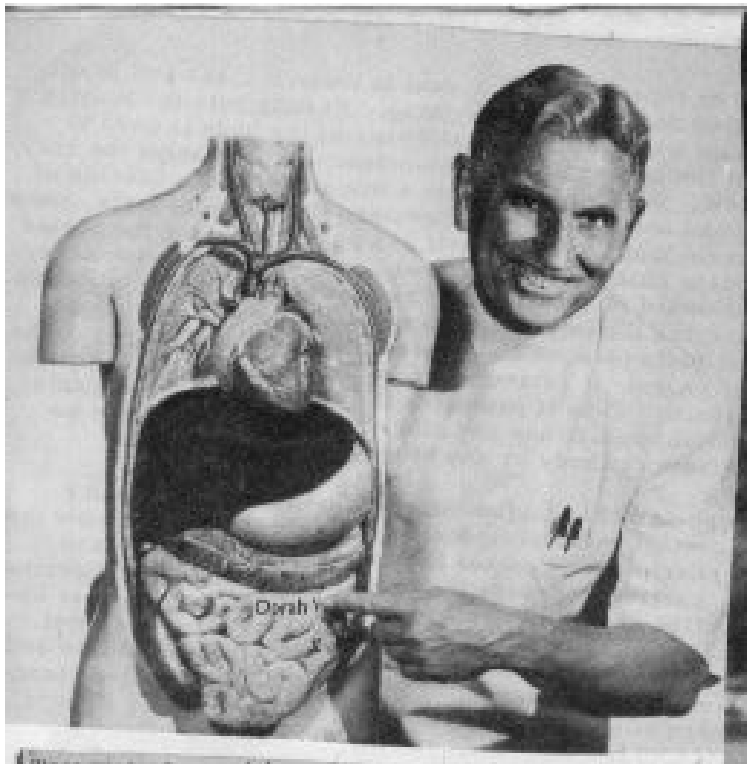
IAN: I go down there with Dan McVan, Paul Schollick, Lee Dilley.

MARK: What are these mental races you have?

IAN: We use about half the track. We just go mad, just take each other out and go for a win, you either get first or last.

LoZ: NOW can we go to McDonalds?

FLESH IS DUMB. I never want you to forget that statement. That is the reason I use it over and over again.



Since my tongue was taken out

Serve as many foods in the original state as possible

Since my eyelids were stitched so-

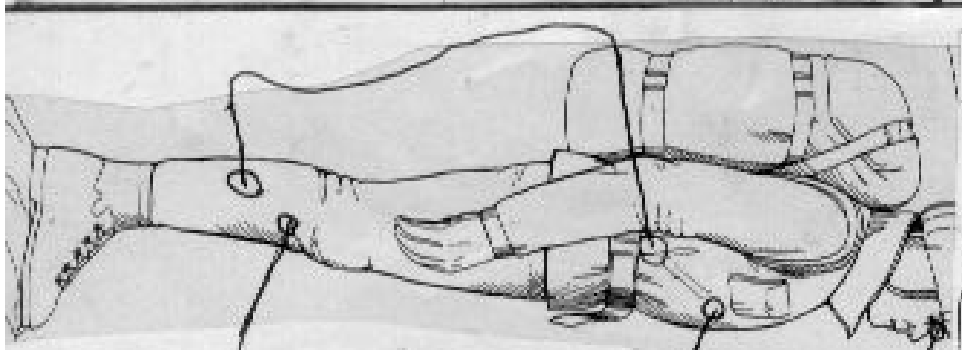
Nuts and seeds.

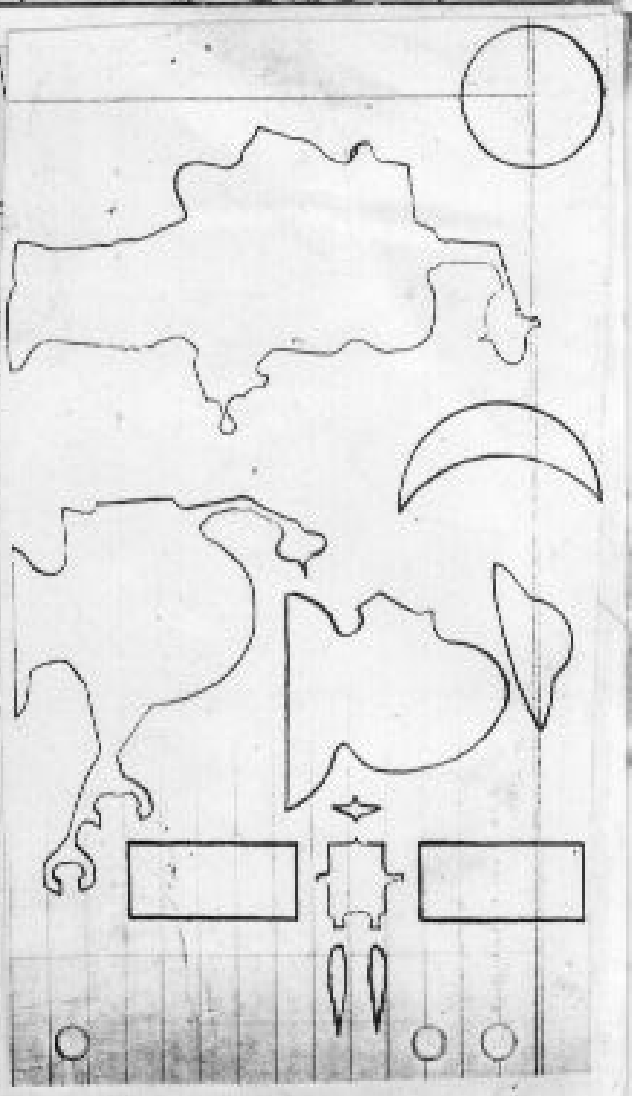
Since my brain was removed from

COLD-PROCESSED VEGETABLE OIL

Since I am now in a coma . . . I have

PROTEIN

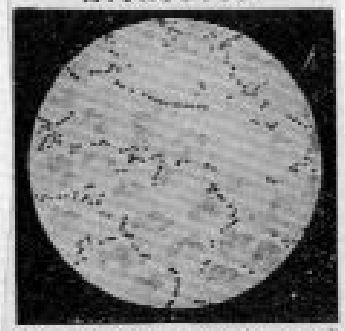




MASKING TAPE IS MY FRIEND by Mother Terresa

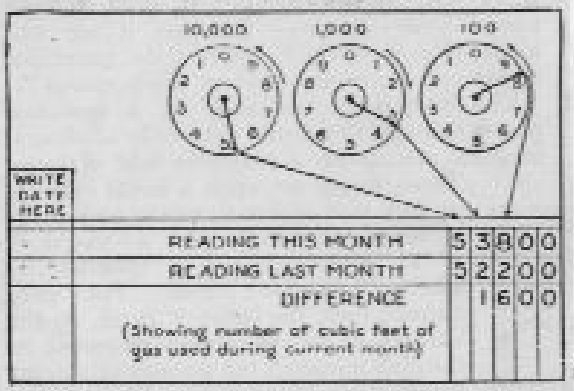
Masking tape is good! Lets make no mistake about it! It's a fact! I've done many a creative thing with the wonderful stick stuff. My first attachment with M.T. was during my days as fork-lift opperator. The year was1956 and I'd just finished unloading some chicken waste from the back of a Mack truck. I collected my weeks pay and got on my chopper and headed for the nearest watering hole, The Arm of The Preist which was my local at the time. Anyway to cut a long story short; Itook a corner to fast and hit a brick wall and totally fucked up my bike. So I left my pride on the side walk and strolled down tothe hardware store and said ton the bloke behind the counter "I just fucked up my life, have you got anything to fix it with?" Lo and behold the old geeza pulls out a roll of MT and I said "WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?". He just looked at me shook his head and said"Just try it!" so I said "Why the fuck not". So I got home later on that night after getting really fucking pissed and then remembered the MT. So there I was all streched out on my banana lounge with this roll of MTthinking "what do I do now?". Then it came to me - I'll tear off two bits and stick them over my eyebrows! Fuck,that made all the difference! I felt [redacted] free, alive! shit I felt like a seagull! Christ what a rush. The next day I quit my job and joined the dole que; I was whole once again. I spent the next 15 years on the unemployment scheme, occassionally coming into contact with my old friend MT, until that great year of1971 (the year DeepPurple released Machine Head)when I took on a job as a human sacrafice for a bunch of satan worshipers.

MICROCOCCI



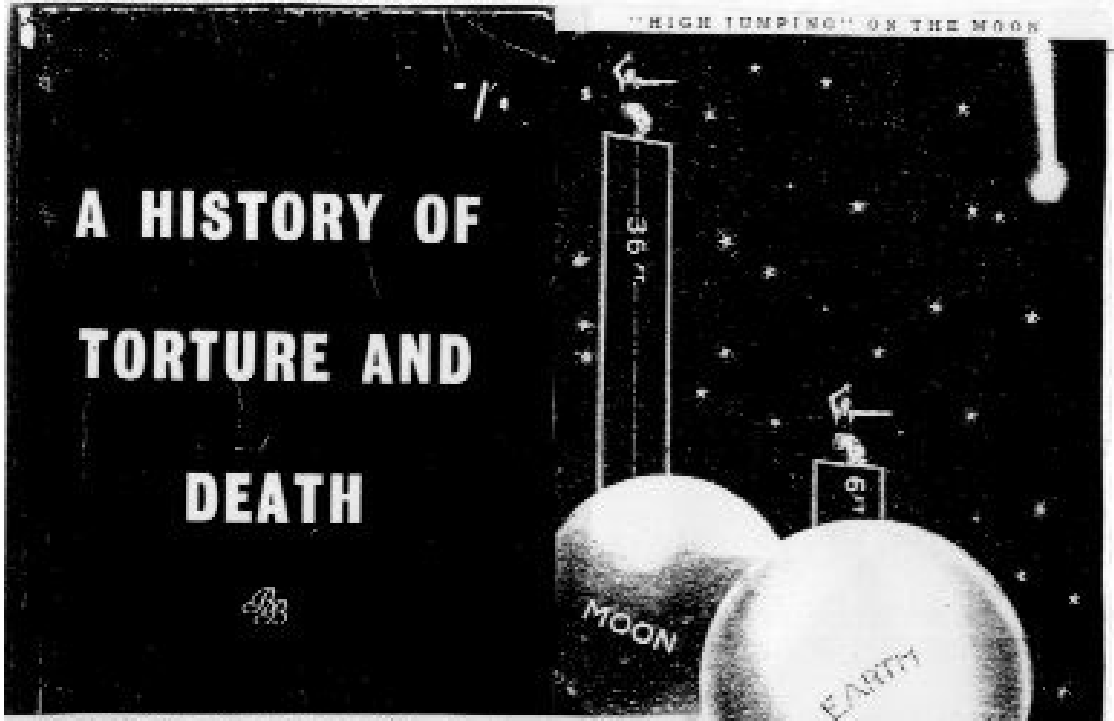
These spheroidal (nearly round) germs are found in pus from abscesses.

HOW TO READ YOUR GAS METER



For each dial put down the lower of the two figures between which the arrow is pointing (if between 9 and 0, read 9), and subtract from this total the reading on last month's bill.

A HISTORY OF TORTURE AND DEATH



No catalogue of methods, ancient and modern, of inflicting the death penalty could claim to be complete which failed to include the Chinese punishment of *Ling-chy*, variously described in English as "Death by the Thousand Cuts", "Cutting into Ten Thousand Pieces", "The Slicing Process", and "Torture of the Knife".

The precise technique varies considerably in different parts of China. The length of time to which the victim is subjected to his terrible ordeal, before death mercifully comes, depends upon the technique employed, the instructions which have been given to the executioner, and probably to sheer luck, the following description of the manner in which the execution is performed, is culled from page 106 of my own book, *The History of Torture Throughout the Ages*:—

"There is a basket, covered with a cloth or other material, in which is a collection of knives. Each of these knives is marked with the name of some portion of the body or some limb. The executioner pushes his hand under the cloth into the basket and draws out a knife at random. He then proceeds to cut off whatever limb or part of the body is indicated on the knife. It has been stated that the relatives of the condemned man bribe the executioner to 'find' as speedily as possible the knife destined to be plunged into the heart.

"There seems ground for the belief that the technique already described has been largely if not entirely displaced by a method of execution in which no element of chance is allowed to interfere with the infliction of one of the most frightful forms imaginable of death by torture. No basket with its multiplicity of marked knives enter into it. A single keen-bladed instrument is used, and the slicings, cuttings, hackings and amputations proceed slowly step by step through the whole ghastly allotted course."

speed. Bond frowned. It was too early to be certain but it looked like a Bell YUH 1B. The model under the glass dome at Stromberg's laboratory. He began to gun the motor.

'It is coming so fast!'

Bond's eyes were worried slits. 'It's probably been fitted with auxiliary turbojets. Should be capable of over three hundred miles an hour.' Twice as fast as the Lotus. And it was following the line of the road. The next seconds were crucial. If it was the police it would stop at the burnt-out van. Bond swung into a hairpin and the helicopter was blotted from view. Right hand, left hand, foot down. He looked back. Nothing. A feeling of relief swept over him. He must guard against getting jumpy.

Then it was on them, like an angry dragonfly swooping over the lee of the hill. The sudden roar of the propo made his nerves scream and there was the deadly hammer of cannon fire. A couche of shells blasted the road in front of him and stitched a seam of dust explosions up the banking. Bond started to drive like a madman. He had to get down to sea level! Thud! Thud! Thud! Thud! The chopper was coming in again. Opening up as the road behind them and letting its superior speed do the rest. Anya could see the line of shells racing towards them like a shark's fin towards its victim. Then suddenly there was darkness and a receding circle of light. They were in another tunnel. She turned to Bond. 'Why don't we stop here?'

The callous eyes stared unflinchingly ahead. 'Because we'd be trapped. They'd drop somebody at either end and shoot us to pieces.'

Now they were out of the tunnel and sweeping down towards the sea, protected by high banking. Anya could see the water twinkling twenty feet below her. The sky above was empty. Had the helicopter called off the chase? It was probably still climbing over the rock they had just sped through.

Then it was on them again like an avenging blade. The manoeuvrability of the Bell was extraordinary. It might have been pinned to their tail. The road opened up and Anya's heart fell. It ran beside the sea, straight and level as a landing strip. There was no escape route. They would have to stop and fight at any cover that presented itself. But Bond did not stop.

His foot pressed down and his ruthless jaw set firmer. What was he trying to do? He could not outspeed the helicopter. The road stretched straight as far as the eye could see. Anya looked back. The helicopter was five feet above the ground and coming up on them as if intending to land on the roof of the car. She could see the pilot and the huge bulk of the man beside him.

Stromberg's killer. His mouth was split into a smile of triumph and his hands were wrapped exultantly about the cannon as if it was a toy that had at last come into its own. He was going to open up at them from point-blank range; the heavy shells would tear the GFRP bodywork to reinforced plastic shreds and spew their guts over three hundred metres of tarmac.

'Stop!'

Bond stamped the brake-pedal through the floor and left two ribbons of burning rubber spilling out like insulating tape. The Lotus began to spin and the chopper overshot the car and soared like a swingbear to its upwards arc. As it banked steeply and returned, Bond conquered the spin and flung the wheel towards the sea. The Esprit shuddered into its new alignment and burst forward on to a small apron of hard-core. Anya glimpsed sea all around her and heard the cannon begin to hammer her death knell. For a moment they were still and then the sinews of Bond's wrist locked and the Lotus flew towards a narrow jetty with two yachts moored against it. She heard the thump of the planks beneath the tyres and then they were in mid-air. The golden sun fired with a million malachite moons and then the nose went down and the sea rushed up to claim them. Anya closed her eyes and braced herself against the impact.

From the helicopter, Jaws watched the Lotus plunge into the sea and felt angry. The man had cheated him even in death. He ordered the pilot to fly over the spot and strafed the sea with cannon shells. But there was no comforting patch of oil. Only dark, swirling weed to show where the car was lying. The Bell made another pass and then side-slipped away towards Stromberg's laboratory.

How well do you adjust to cold and heat?